

him. The simple fact of his deafness solves the riddle; it explains not only his unheard of effects of sound, but his whole manner of treating the detail, his indifference to the rounding off of the individual tone-forms, and to the conveniences of technical execution. This last especially is characteristic here. Beethoven sought, as the immediate end, to satisfy his own needs and fantasies, and in so doing undertook to strive against the nature of things.

All this only shows an insufficiency in these works. We shall again be met with their alleged "depth." All we have to say is, that we do not recognize it in the established sense, especially for music. You may assume some thought as the germ of the Ninth Symphony; you may call the whole organic structure of that grand work an intellectual one: still the artistic execution of the same appeals only to the feeling and the imagination, and mocks at all your attempts to trace a logical connection. If you talk to us about an incomprehensible depth of feeling, we reply, the deepest feeling in its very nature necessarily strives after the simplest, purest form, does away the contrasts in itself, and will not leave them standing side by side. If you justify those deformities by the sublimity of their intentions, we reply that Art cannot be satisfied with that. The productive faculty ought to possess the power to clothe the intention with the complete and perfectly clear form, that corresponds with the nature of the artistic material. In any case obscurity and mystery are not a *depth* which one should praise, at least in Art, which should proceed from spiritual freedom and operate again on that:—we do not content ourselves with vague presentiments, where we have a claim to the most immediate and vital certainty.

Frankly we must say, that people are only in the habit of talking about "deep" music, when they feel a disproportion between what is actually expressed and what is intended. Hearers are modest enough, especially in the case of an established name, to seek in themselves the insufficiency that really resides in the work. If they do not succeed in their most strenuous attempts to "orient" themselves completely, if their ear cannot always follow a great master's combinations, then they console themselves with "deep." Accordingly Mozart, to whom no one will deny depth of feeling, is not counted among deep musicians,—naturally, because he never undertakes more than he can actually accomplish. On the other hand Bach and Beethoven have earned this praise, chiefly through that absolutism of theirs which we have just described:—the aimlessness of their formations, the monotony of the former, the abrupt contrasts of the latter mislead one to the assumption that with them too music was a means to an end, that they had to do with some design beyond the music, which eluded direct representation. But failing, spite of every effort, to identify this with certainty, such hearers fall back on the modest ground aforesaid. Modest indeed! but it alas! soon turns to arrogance towards all those who do not unconditionally conform to the dogma of "depth"—on all such it looks down with great contempt, as on the uninitiated.

[The writer proceeds to trace the influence of this absolutism, in the works of Wagner, Schumann, Franz, and others of the new German school. We shall, perhaps, make further extracts.—ED.]

"The Messiah" and "The Creation."

[From the Dial, 1840.]

Handel seems to have monopolized the one subject for an Oratorio, *Humanity's anticipation of its Messiah*. This properly is the one theme of all pure music; this is the mysterious promise which it whispers; this the hope with which it fills us as its tones seem to fall from the blue sky, or to exhale through the earth's pores from its secret, divine fountains. Music is the aspiration, the yearnings of the heart to the Infinite. It is the prayer of faith, which has no fear, no weakness in it. It delivers us from our actual bondage; it buoys us up above our accidents, and wafts us on waves of melody to the heart's ideal home. This longing of the heart, which is a permanent fact of human life, and with which all know how to sympathize, has received its most perfect historical form in the Jewish expectation of a Messiah. The prediction and coming of Jesus stand as a type forever of the divine restlessness, the prophetic yearning of the heart of humanity. Has any poet found words for this feeling to match with those of the Psalmist and prophets of old? With wonderful judgment Handel culled out the noblest of those grand sentences, and constructed them into a complete and epic unity. They are almost the only words we know, which do not limit the free, world-permeating, ever-shifting, Protean genius of music. Words, the language of thoughts, are too definite, and clip the wings and clog the graceful movements of this unresting spirit: she chants forgetfulness of limits, and charms us along with her to the Infinite; she loves to wander through the vague immense, and seems everywhere at once; then only is she beautiful. With the growth of the musical taste, therefore, one acquires a more and more decided preference for instrumental music rather than song; music *pure*, rather than music wedded with another art, which never can be quite congenial. We prefer a Beethoven's Symphony to anything ever sung, with the single exception of Handel's Messiah. In that the words seem one with the music,—as eternal, as sublime, as universal and impersonal. They set no limit to the music, but contain in themselves seeds of inexhaustible harmonies and melodies. We could not spare a word, or suffer any change. "*The Messiah*" always must have meaning to all men, it is so impersonal. Its choruses are the voice of all humanity. Its songs are the communion of the solitary soul with the Infinite. But there is no Duet or Trio in it, no talking of individual with individual. Either it is the sublime of the soul merged in the multitude, or it is the sublime of the soul alone with God. And then its depth of sadness!—from such depths alone could roll those mighty ocean choruses of triumph, the "*Hallelujah*" chorus, the "*Wonderful*" chorus, and "*Worthy the Lamb*." "*The Messiah*" will always stand, in its stern simplicity, as one of the adopted of Nature.

How different "*The Creation*!" We are in another element, with another man, with Haydn, that sunny, genial, busy nature. If with Handel all is unity, grandeur, bold simplicity, universality; here all is variety, individuality, profusion of detail. If with Handel it is aspiration to the Unknown, here it is description of the Known. If one forebodes another world, the other lovingly reflects the hues of this world. Handel with bold hand sketches gigantic shadows, which lose themselves in infinite space. With Haydn everything is happily planned within the limits of certainty, and conscientiously and gracefully finished. It is the perfection of art. A work of Haydn's is a Grecian temple; there it stands, complete in itself and fully executed, and suggests no more. A work of Handel's, (still more of Beethoven's) is a Gothic cathedral, which seems never finished, but becoming, growing, yearning and striving upwards; the beginning only of a boundless plan, whose consummation is in another world. We enjoy with Haydn the serene pleasure of doing things, the ever fresh surprise of accomplishment. With him we round off and finish one thing after another, and look upon it and pronounce it good; but we do not lift our eyes away and yearn for what is beyond. Constant, cheerful activity was

the element of Haydn. Hence the Creation was the very subject for the man; his whole nature chose it for him. In "*The Creation*" the instrumental accompaniments are prominent, and the voices secondary. The orchestra weaves the picture; the voices but hint its meaning. Literal description of nature is carried even too far in it. Beautiful and surprising as those imitations are, of Chaos, and the birth of Light, and rolling ocean, and smooth meadows, and brooks, and birds, and breezes, monsters of the deep and of the forest, and insects sparkling like gold dust in the sunny air,—yet often they seem too mechanical and curious, and out of the province of Art, which should breathe the pervading spirit of Nature, as a whole, and not copy too carefully the things that are in it. Whoever has studied the Pastoral Symphony, or the Pastoral Sonata of Beethoven, will feel the difference between music which flows from a common consciousness (as it were) with Nature, and the music which only copies, from without, her single features. These pieces bring all summer sensations over you, but they do not let you identify a note or a passage as standing for a stream, or a bird. They do not say: look at this or that, now imagine nightingales, now thunder, now mountains, and now sun-spots chasing shadows; but they make you feel as you would if you were lying on a grassy slope in a summer's afternoon, with the melancholy leisure of a shepherd swain, and these things all around you without your noticing them. Haydn paints you this or that by means of various qualities and combinations of tone, and various movements; with wonderful success he calls up images; you admire the ingenuity and the beauty, but are not inspired.

[From Putnam's Magazine for March and April.]

I. BORODINO.

One foot in the stirrup, one hand on the mane,
One toss of white plumes on the air,
Then firm in the saddle—and loosened the rein;
And the sword-blade gleams bare!

A white face stares up from the dark, frozen ground;
The prowler will shadow it soon:
The dead and the dying lie written around,
Cold and bright shines the moon!

There's laurels and gold for the living and proud:
But the ice-wreath of Fame for the slain;
Only Love turns away from the revelling crowd
To her own on the plain!

II. SORRENTO.

Pass, hazy dream of drowsing noon!
Wake, Naples, with thy nightly glow!
O'er Capri's stately cloud the moon
Her golden crescent raises slow.

Those stars among the orange blooms
Outline the wanderers of the skies;
More sweet than evening's still perfumes
Love's voiceless longings rise.

Of white and tremulous hopes she weaves
Her bridal crown the moon beneath.
Shine on, bright moon! those buds and leaves
Will be fair in a funeral wreath!

J. J. in Dreamland.

[From Thackeray's "Newcomers."]

The two birds set up a tremendous singing and chorussing when Miss Cann, spying the occasion of the first-floor lodger's absence, begins practising her music pieces. Such trills, roulades, and flourishes go on from the birds and the lodger! it is a wonder how any fingers can move over the jingling ivory so quickly as Miss Cann's. Excellent a woman as she is, admirably virtuous, frugal, brisk, honest, and cheerful, I would not like to live in lodgings where there was a lady so addicted to playing variations. No more does Honeymoon. On a Saturday, when he is composing his valuable sermons (the rogue, you may be sure, leaves his work to the last day, and there are, I am given to understand, among the clergy many better men than Honeymoon, who are as

dilatory as he), he begs, he entreats with tears in his eyes, that Miss Cann's music may cease. I would back little Cann to write a sermon against him, for all his reputation as a popular preacher.

Old and weakened as that piano is, feeble and cracked her voice, it is wonderful what a pleasant concert she can give in that parlor of a Saturday evening, to Mrs. Ridley, who generally dozes a good deal, and to a lad, who listens with all his soul, with tears sometimes in his great eyes, with crowding fancies filling his brain and throbbing at his heart, as the artist plies her humble instrument. She plays old music of Handel and Haydn, and the little chamber anon swells into a cathedral, and he who listens beholds altars lighted, priests ministering, fair children swinging censers, great oriel windows gleaming in sunset, and seen through arched columns, and avenues of twilight marble. The young fellow who hears her has been often and often to the Opera and the theatres. As she plays "Don Juan," Zerlina comes tripping over the meadows, and Masetto after her, with a crowd of peasants and maidens: and they sing the sweetest of all music, and the heart beats with happiness, and kindness, and pleasure. Piano, pianissimo! the city is hushed. The towers of the great cathedral rise in the distance, its spires lighted by the broad moon. The statues in the moonlit place cast long shadows athwart the pavement: but the fountain in the midst is dressed out like Cinderella for the night, and sings and wears a crest of diamonds. That great sombre street all in shade, can it be the famous Toledo?—or is it the Corso?—or is it the great street in Madrid, the one which leads to the Escurial where the Rubens and Velasquez are? It is Fancy Street—Poetry Street—Imagination Street—the street where lovely ladies look from balconies, where cavaliers strike mandolins and draw swords and engage, where long processions pass, and venerable hermits, with long beards, bless the kneeling people: where the rude soldiery, swaggering through the place with flags and halberds, and fife and dance, seize the slim waists of the daughters of the people, and bid the pifferari play to their dancing. Blow, bagpipes, a storm of harmony! become trumpets, trombones, ophicleides, fiddles, and bassoons! Fire-guns! Sound, tocsins! Shout, people! Louder, shriller and sweeter than all, sing thou, ravishing heroine! And see, on his cream-coloured charger Masaniello prances in, and Fra Diavolo leaps down the balcony, carabine in hand; and Sir Huon of Bordeaux sails up to the quay with the Sultan's daughter of Babylon. All these delights and sights, and joys and glories, these thrills of sympathy, movements of unknown longing, and visions of beauty, a young sickly lad of eighteen enjoys in a little dark room where there is a bed disguised in the shape of a wardrobe, and a little old woman is playing under a gas-lamp on the jingling keys of an old piano.

For a long time Mr. Samuel Ridley, butler and confidential valet to the Right Honorable John James Baron Todmorden, was in a state of the greatest despair and gloom about his only son, the little John James,—a sickly and almost deformed child "of whom there was no making nothink," as Mr. Ridley said. His figure precluded him from following his father's profession, and waiting upon the British nobility, who naturally require large and handsome men to skip up behind their rolling carriages, and hand their plates at dinner. When John James was six years old his father remarked, with tears in his eyes, he wasn't higher than a plate-basket. The boys jeered at him in the streets—some whooped him, spite of his diminutive size. At school he made but little progress. He was always sickly and dirty, and timid and crying, whimpering in the kitchen away from his mother; who, though she loved him, took Mr. Ridley's view of his character, and thought him little better than an idiot until such time as little Miss Cann took him in hand, when at length there was some hope of him.

"Half-witted, you great stupid big man," says Miss Cann, who had a fine spirit of her own. "That boy half-witted! He has got more wit in his little finger than you have in all your great person! You are a very good man, Ridley, very

good-natured I'm sure, and bear with the teasing of a wasping old woman; but you are not the wisest of mankind. Tut, tut don't tell me. You know you spell out the words when you read the newspaper still, and what would your bills look like, if I did not write them in my nice little hand? I tell you that boy is a genius. I tell you that one day the world will hear of him. His heart is made of pure gold. You think that all the wit belongs to the big people. Look at me, you great tall man! Am I not a hundred times cleverer than you are? Yes, and John James is worth a thousand such insignificant little chits as I am; and he is as tall as me too, sir. Do you hear that? One day I am determined he shall dine at Lord Todmorden's table, and he shall get the prize at the Royal Academy, and be famous, sir—famous!"

"Well, Miss C., I wish he may get it; that's all I say," answers Mr. Ridley. "The poor fellow does no harm, that I acknowledge; but I never see the good he was up to yet. I wish he'd begin it; I *du* wish he would now." And the honest gentleman relapses into the study of his paper.

All those beautiful sounds and thoughts which Miss Cann conveys to him out of her charmed piano, the young artist straightway translates into forms; and knights in armour, with plume, and shield, and battle-axe; and splendid young noblemen with flowing ringlets, and bounteous plumes of feathers, and rapiers, and russet boots; and fierce banditti with crimson tights, doublets profusely illustrated with large brass buttons, and the dumpy basket-hilted claymores known to be the favorite weapon with which these whiskered ruffians do battle; wasp-waisted peasant girls, and young countesses with O such large eyes and cherry lips—all these splendid forms of war and beauty crowd to the young draughtsman's pencil, and cover letter-backs, copy-books, without end. If his hand strikes off some face peculiarly lovely, and to his taste, some bright young lady of fashion in an opera-box, whom he has seen, or fancied he has seen (for the youth is short-sighted, though he hardly as yet knows his misfortune)—if he has made some effort extraordinarily successful, our young Pygmalion hides away the masterpiece, and he paints the beauty with all his skill; the lips a bright carmine, the eyes a deep, deep cobalt, the cheeks a dazzling vermilion, the ringlets of a golden hue; and he worships this sweet creature of his in secret, fancies a history for her; a castle to storm, a tyrant usurper who keeps her imprisoned, and a prince in black ringlets and a spangled cloak, who scales the tower, who slays the tyrant, and then kneels gracefully at the princess's feet, and says, "Lady, wilt thou be mine?"

Giambattista Rubini.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

Rubini is dead, aged sixty—not having followed the law of longevity under which so many vocalists seem to have vegetated on to a green old age, for years and years after their retirement from the stage. How great an artist he was it is difficult to convey in a few words; and this not only because his greatness belonged to the operatic style of a past generation, but because it was accompanied by certain qualities which the changed taste of our day protests against (and not unfairly) as so many defects. He was one of the most accomplished vocalists ever heard—the instinct for singing having been in his case perfected by consummate study and practice of the art of singing. His production of tone, his management of breath, his unhesitating certainty in the command of intervals, his power of using *falsetto* and natural voice alternately, are things which in the present epoch of crude, bawling vehemence and inflexibility seem like so many lost arts. Further, when his voice began to give way, Rubini managed to produce his most exquisite effects; and to set forth his individuality, by absolutely turning defect and decay to account. His striking contrasts of *piano* with *forte* are to be dated from the time when he could no longer command a steady *mezza voce*. But though boundless in

accomplishment, Rubini was impeccable in point of taste. His love of ornament was frequently more remarkable than either his variety or his propriety in ornament. While no one could be more expressive than he was in such a *cantabile* as "*Fra poco*" in '*Lucia*,' or "*Tutto è sciolto*" in '*La Sonnambula*,' he would fling into the midst of one of Rossini's grandest *adagios* a *roulade*, interminable, unmeaning, and absolutely bordering on vulgarity. At times these displays were almost repulsive; but the artist could always fascinate us back to himself again. Again, when undertaking an opera, Rubini seemed unable to study a part as an entire part, but reserved himself for a few points—such as a *cavatina*, a burst in a *finale*, or the like;—in this inferior to Duprez, who, though finishing highly also, was always *en scene*—in one act preparing for the next, and linking passage to passage with unparagoned dramatic vigor and fervor. Yet who ever got so much out of "that *cavatina*," "that burst," those bars of *recitative*," as Rubini? He was homely in presence—as an actor, null—as a declaimer, capricious, negligent, and unsatisfying: and yet on the stage he was always acceptable, because of the passion, and wrath, and tenderness, and wondrous artistic finish of his singing, when he chose to put them forth. His unquestioned and universal popularity has explained to us the well-known reply of Madame Mara who, to some one reproaching her with her motionlessness, as *Queen Rodelinda*, replied, "Would you have me sing with my arms and legs? What I cannot do with my voice, I will not do at all."

As a man, Rubini was singularly insipid,—a certain *bonhomie* of manner with which his idolators were fain to content themselves, being accompanied by a quiet parsimonious love of money, such as is *not* the rule among the opera queens and kings of Italy. . . . His brightest years were those divided betwixt London and Paris, when he formed one of the quartet with Madame Grisi, Signori Lablache and Tamburini; his most lucrative professional days were possibly those last ones spent in St. Petersburg, where H. M. the Czar, to do him honor, made him Colonel of a regiment. He married, many years ago, Mdlle. Chomel, a French lady, who sang in the Italian Opera houses as *La Comelli*. We believe that he has left no family, nor any pupils, on whom a small part even of his mantle can have fallen. The fortune he is understood to have amassed is possibly the largest, till now, gathered by a tenor. —*London Athenæum*, March 18.

The Pro and Con of Music.

I. The following quaint heresy is from old ROGER ASCHAM'S "Scholemaster" (1563).

"Whatsoever ye judge, this I am sure, that Lutes, Harps, Barbitons, Sambukes, with other Instruments, every one, which standeth by fine and quick fingering be condemned of *Aristotle*, as not to be brought in and used among them which study for Learning and Virtue. . . . *Much Music Marre Men's Manners*, saith *Galen*: Although some Men will say that it is not so, but rather recreateth and maketh quick a Man's Mind; yet methink, by reason it doth, as Honey to a Man's Stomach, which at the first receiveth it well, but afterward it maketh it unfit to abide any strong nourishing Meat or else any wholesome sharp and quick drink. And even so in a manner these Instruments make a man's Wit so soft and smooth, so tender and quaisy, that they be less able to brook strong and tough Study. Wits be not sharpened but rather dulled, and made blunt with such sweet Softness, even as good Edges be blunted, which Men whet upon soft Chalk Stones."

II. The above is aptly met by the following testimony of Dr. MARTIN LUTHER, given at the end of the *Mildheim Song-Book*:

"There is no doubt that many seeds of noble virtues are to be found in such souls as are touched by music; but those who have no feeling for it, I hold them to be like rocks and stones. Whoso despises music, as all fanatics do with him

I am not pleased. For music is a gift of God, not an invention of man. It drives away the devil, and makes people cheerful. Then they forget all wrath, impurity, pride, and other vices. After theology, I give music the next place, and highest honor; and we see how David and all saints have uttered their devout thoughts in verse, rhyme, and song. Music I have always held dear. He who is cunning at his art, is of a good sort, apt for every thing. We must of necessity maintain music in the schools: a school-master must be able to sing—otherwise I do not look at him."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A TRUE STORY.

[I send you a little sketch. I cannot pretend to call it a poem—for which, if you think it good enough, and consider it appropriate for your Journal, you may perhaps find a place in your columns. The sad, touching simplicity of the story may hide the rough frame in which it is set. It made so deep an impression upon me when it was told me by a friend in Germany—an eye-witness to the scene of expectation—that I think it can hardly fail to interest you and some of your readers.]

They loved, and e'en had fixed the blessed hour
That should forever give them to each other;
But ere it came, some nameless evil chance
Did step between, and cut the slender thread
Of human happiness. They parted on the day
Appointed for their marriage—parted not in anger,
But with a sad weight on their hearts, and promised
To write at intervals: he from far distant climes,
Towards which he bent his steps, she from the home
Where she had lived since childhood, and where still
By the unchanging current of domestic life
She would be borne on slowly.

Years passed by,
Bringing each one its gifts of joy and sorrow,
Till well nigh half a century had gathered
Its snows upon their heads. They had lived on,
Hardly resigned, at first, to a communion
So cold; but, in the end, content with it from habit.
Their hearts were still unchanged, nor had they given
Their hands to those who could not win their love.
She had completed her allotted time
Of three score years and ten. I saw her then,
Upon a day when, from his latest missive,
She knew that she should see him once again.
Clad in her choicest garments, that had lain
Untouched for many a day, and with a care
She had not thought of since her girlhood's years,
She moved about the room, arranging everything
Full ten times o'er, to hide the restlessness
Of expectation. There was in her face
A look that spoke the purified love within her,
And how her heart was throbbing with a joy
So strange to it since that sad, dreary season!
How clearly had that glad intelligence
Brought back the days of youth before her mind,
Shone round by Memory with a dazzling halo
That brightened e'en the darkest spots!

The day wore on,
And still her hope was unfulfilled. From time to time
She would approach the window, and gaze from it
Until she found a new excuse for his delay,
Nor would mistrust his coming, e'en in thought.

But he came not—! A trifling obstacle
Had caused delay till it was not convenient—
Old, feeble as he was, he thought of it
Once, twice again, and then—no more!

This blighted hope,
It was her last, her saddest disappointment;
She did not murmur, but, from day to day,
Grew weaker and more silent, till, one evening,
Her poor, tried heart went homeward with the sun!
New York, April 8. M. A. R.

GREAT MUSICAL WORK.—We find the following in the London *Athenæum* (Feb. 18):

There is an account in this week's *Gazette Musicale* of the first volume of a vast publication

devoted to Catholic music, by the Canon Proschke, of Ratisbon. To judge from the minute specification and analysis, the work is alike interesting, valuable, and cheap,—since the volume aforesaid contains twelve Masses for four voices, published in score and with separate parts, amounting to upwards of 800 pages, for the price of only fifteen francs. M. Fétis speaks in the highest terms of a *Requiem*, by Pitoni, which closes the volume. In his 'Biographie,' M. Fétis has also spoken of this little-known Italian master of the seventeenth century in a manner to make us dwell on his name *ex proposito*. To return to the work of the Canon Proschke,—its only fault would seem to lie in its purposed scale, which is of an amplitude and extent almost to preclude the possibility of its being completed, especially in German hand.

[From Hogarth's "Memoirs of the Musical Drama."]

Marcello's Satire.

In the year 1720, there appeared a satirical work of Benedetto Marcello, the celebrated author of the *Psalms*, which gives a lively picture of the musical drama at that period. Marcello was a Venetian nobleman, still more distinguished by his genius and various accomplishments than by his rank. Besides his great sacred work, which has rendered his name illustrious, he wrote the poetry and music of several operas, besides sonnets and other lyrical pieces. His book, which we have just mentioned, is called *Il Teatro alla moda*, and is a curious satire on the manners as well as the music of the time. It is described in the title-page as being "an easy and sure method of composing and performing Italian operas in the modern fashion;" and professes to give useful and necessary advice to poets, composers, singers, managers, orchestra-players, machinists, scene-painters, prompters, copyists, the actresses' mothers and protectors, and other persons belonging to the theatre. A few of these ironical counsels will give an idea of the whole.

The author begins by telling the poet, that there is no occasion for his reading, or having read, the old Greek and Latin authors: for this reason, that the ancients never read any of the works of the moderns. He will not ask any questions about the ability of the performers, but will rather inquire whether the theatre is provided with a good bear, a good lion, a good nightingale, good thunder, lightning, and earthquakes. He will introduce a magnificent show in his last scene, and conclude with the usual chorus in honor of the sun, the moon, or the manager. In dedicating his *libretto* to some great personage, he will select him for his riches rather than his learning, and will give a share of the gratuity to his patron's cook, or maitre d'hôtel, from whom he will obtain all his titles, that he may blazon them on his title-pages, with an &c. &c. He will exalt the great man's family and ancestors; make an abundant use of such phrases as liberality, and generosity of soul; and if he cannot find any subject of eulogy, (as is often the case,) he will say, that he is silent through fear of hurting his patron's modesty, but that Fame, with her hundred brazen trumpets, will spread his immortal name from pole to pole. He will do well to protest to the reader that his opera was composed in his youth, and may add that it was written in a few days: by this he will show that he is a true modern, and has a proper contempt for the antiquated precept, *nonnullus prematur in annum*. He may add, too, that he became a poet solely for his amusement, and to divert his mind from graver occupations: but that he had published his work by the advice of his friends and the command of his patron, and by no means from any love of praise or desire of profit. He will take care not to neglect the usual explanation of the three great points of every drama, the place, time, and action; the place signifying in such-and-such a theatre; the time, from eight to twelve o'clock at night; the action, the ruin of the manager. The incidents of the piece should consist of dungeons, daggers, poison, boar-hunts, earthquakes, sacrifices, madness, and so forth; because the people are always greatly moved by such unexpected things. A good modern poet ought to

know nothing about music, because the ancients, according to Strabo, Pliny, &c., thought this knowledge necessary. At the rehearsals he should never tell his meaning to any of the performers, wisely reflecting that they always want to do every thing in their own way. If a husband and wife are discovered in prison, and one of them is led away to die, it is indispensable that the other remain to sing an air, which should be to lively words, to relieve the feelings of the audience, and make them understand that the whole affair is a joke. If two of the characters make love, or plot a conspiracy, it should always be in the presence of servants and attendants. The part of a father, or a tyrant, when it is the principal character, should always be given to a soprano; reserving the tenors and basses for captains of the guard, confidants, shepherds, messengers, and so forth.

The modern composer is told that there is no occasion for his being master of the principles of composition; a little practice being all that is necessary. He needs not know any thing of poetry, or give himself any trouble about the meaning of the words, or even the quantities of the syllables. Neither is it necessary that he should study the properties of the strangled or wind instruments; if he can play on the harpsichord, it will do very well. It will, however, be not amiss for him to have been for some years a violin player, or music-copier for some celebrated composer, whose original scenes he may treasure up, and thus supply himself with subjects for his airs, recitatives, or choruses. He will by no means think of reading the opera through, but will compose it line by line; using, for the airs, *motivi* which he has lying by him: and if the words do not go well below the notes, he will torment the poet till they are altered to his mind. When the singer comes to a cadence, the composer will make all the instruments stop, leaving it to the singer to do whatever he pleases. He will serve the manager on very low terms, considering the thousands of crowns that the singers cost him:—he will therefore content himself with an inferior salary to the lowest of these, provided that he is not wronged by the bear, the attendants, or the scene-shifters, being put above him. When he is walking with the singers, he will always give them the wall, keep his hat in his hand, and remain a step in the rear; considering that the lowest of them, on the stage, is at least a general, a captain of the guards, or some such personage. All the airs should be formed of the same materials—long divisions, holding notes, and repetitions of insignificant words, as *amore amore, impero impero, Europa Europa, furori furori, orgoglio orgoglio*, &c., &c.; and therefore the composer should have before him a memorandum of the things necessary for the termination of every air. This will enable him to eschew variety, which is no longer in use. After ending a recitative in a flat key, he will suddenly begin an air in three or four sharps; and this by way of novelty. If the modern composer wishes to write in four parts, two of them must proceed in unison or octave, only taking care that there shall be a diversity of movement; so that if the one part proceeds by minims or crotchets, the other will be in quavers or semiquavers. He will charm the audience with airs accompanied by the instrument *pizzicato* or *con sordini*, trumpets, and other effective contrivances. He will not compose airs with a single bass accompaniment, because this is no longer the custom; and, besides, he would take as much time to compose one of these as a dozen with the orchestra. The modern composer will oblige the manager to furnish him with a large orchestra of violins, oboes, horns, &c., saving him rather the expense of double basses, of which there is no occasion to make any use, except in tuning at the outset. The overture will be a movement in the French style, or a *prestissimo* in semiquavers in a major key, to which will succeed a *piano* in the minor; concluding with a minuet, gavot, or jig, again in the major key. In this manner the composer will avoid all fugues, syncopations, and treatment of subjects, as being antiquated contrivances, quite banished from modern music. The modern

composer will be most attentive to all the ladies of the theatre, supplying them with plenty of old songs transposed to suit their voices, and telling each of them that the opera was supported by her talent alone. He will bring every night some of his friends, and seat them in the orchestra; giving the double bass or violoncello (as being the most useless instruments) leave of absence to make room for them.

The singer is informed that there is no occasion for having practised the *solfeggio*; because he would thus be in danger of acquiring a firm voice, just intonation, and the power of singing in tune; things wholly useless in modern music. Nor is it very necessary that he should be able to read or write, know how to pronounce the words or understand their meaning, provided he can run divisions, make shakes, cadences, &c. He will always complain of his part, saying that it is not in his way, that the airs are not in his style, and so on: and he will sing an air by some other composer, protesting that at such a court, or in the presence of such a great personage, that air carried away all the applause, and he was obliged to repeat it a dozen times in an evening. At the rehearsals he will merely hum his airs, and will insist on having the time in his own way. He will stand with one hand in his waistcoat and the other in his breeches pocket, and take care not to allow a syllable to be heard. He will always keep his hat on his head, though a person of quality should speak to him, in order to avoid catching cold: and he will not bow his head to any body, remembering the kings, princes, and emperors, whom he is in the habit of personating. On the stage he will sing with shut teeth, doing all he can to prevent a word he says from being understood, and, in the recitatives, paying no respect either to commas or periods. While another performer is reciting a soliloquy, or singing an air, he will be saluting the company in the boxes, or tittering with musicians in the orchestra, or the attendants; because the audience knows very well that he is Signor So-and-so, the *musicco*, and not Prince Zoroastro, whom he is representing. A modern virtuoso will be hard to prevail on to sing at a private party. When he arrives, he will walk up to the mirror, settle his wig, draw down his ruffles, and pull up his cravat to show his diamond brooch. He will then touch the harpsichord very carelessly, and begin his air three or four times, as if he could not recollect it. Having granted this great favor, he will begin talking (by way of gathering applause) with some lady, telling her stories about his travels, correspondence, and professional intrigues; all the while ogling his companion with passionate glances, and throwing back the curls of his peruke, sometimes on one shoulder, sometimes on the other. He will every minute offer the lady snuff in a different box, in one of which he will point out his own portrait; and will show her some magnificent diamond, the gift of a distinguished patron, saying that he would offer it for her acceptance were it not for delicacy. Thus he will perhaps make an impression on her heart, and, at all events, make a great figure in the eyes of the company. In the society of literary men, however eminent, he will always take precedence, because, with most people, the singer has the credit of being an artist, while the literary man has no consideration at all. He will even advise them to embrace his profession, as the singer has plenty of money as well as fame, while the man of letters is very apt to die of hunger.

[Conclusion next week.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1854.

That Complimentary Concert.

The Benefit which some leading musical artists and friends of music in our city were prompted, of their own good will and sense of fitness, to give for this Journal, came off on Friday evening of

last week, and was in every way successful, and most gratifying, both to the parent and guardian of said Journal, and to all in any way concerned, if only as listeners to the admirable music then discoursed.

The plan sprang from the spontaneous impulse of the artists, who wished in this way to express their sense of a common responsibility, as artists, for the success of an independent, high-toned Journal, dedicated to high Art. They said: "We look upon the *Journal of Music* as an institution, which it is the interest and duty of all artists to sustain. We owe it a debt, for mediating between us and the public, and laboring to raise that public to a fuller appreciation of the things we do from our own hearts and for the love of Art, rather than for the praise and money of the crowd. We know enough, too, of the world to know, that, in the nature of things, a musical Journal conducted on such principles as yours, though sure of fair success in the long run, and not without encouragement thus far, cannot in times like these remunerate its editor according to his labors. We artists would sustain it, as in some sense our common Organ; as we would a Temple, or an Academy for Music, as one of the public instrumentalities for the due furtherance of our Art."—So spake the artists, and how could we interpose the least let or hindrance to the acting out of such a noble impulse! Verily, if one "casts his bread upon the waters, he shall find it after many days!"

The music-friends responded readily to these views of the artists, and together they devised and carried out with admirable tact and energy, a Chamber Concert, as the most practicable and not the less acceptable to our own peculiar tastes. Their appeal first met the public in the shape of the Call, with influential names appended, which we copied in our last. The music-loving public also cheerfully responded, and the result was a concert which was not only a most graceful compliment and warm word of encouragement, the sincerity of which we could not possibly mistake, but even (to the extent possible in such a concert) a substantial benefit. The lower Music Hall, or "Lecture Room," was very nearly filled by about eight hundred people;—such an audience in character and numbers as our good city had not seen before at any Chamber Concert. All parties, all opinions met there in the persons of their noblest representatives, and in such social, cheerful harmony, that it did seem as if then and there were realized the proper mission of all Art, as the universal speech and mediator among men. Such an assembly was honorable to this community, as an act of true respect and loyalty to Art. That our humble Journal chanced to furnish the immediate occasion,—a small matter, surely, in itself,—should not impair in the least the value and significance of such a scene. We can say all this about it, with entire propriety, since it was plainly something more than any personal regard that gave the tone and sentiment to that audience; and we could sit in it, like any other listener, happy to feel in the company of those who revered Art as we did,—happy and encouraged to know that even the humblest efforts in the right direction thus find sympathizing friends and fellow workers.

One of the pleasantest features of the concert was the composition of the artist company who gave it. Not without a certain thrill of pride and

pleasure did we see this occasion uniting our friends of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB with the leaders of the GERMANIA and OTTO DRESEL, upon one common ground, and our sweet singer, Mlle. LEHMANN, once more cooperating with her artistic brothers of the former year. Each seemed to sing and play the better and the heartier from this sense of union. It seemed to set the crown of reconciliation upon an hour in all respects so pleasant.

The programme, which these artists had arranged, was a tastefully combined, significant bouquet of choice flowers of chamber composition. Our readers have all seen it, but it seems well that we record it here:

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Quintet for Violins, Violas and Violoncello, C major, Mozart. Allegro, Andante, Minuetto, and Finale. QUINTETTE CLUB.
2. Piano Solos:—Songs without Words. Mendelssohn. Adagio and Etude. Chopin. OTTO DRESEL.
3. Songs:—"Lonely I wander," Swedish Melody. "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," Mendelssohn. Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN.
4. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, B flat. Beethoven. Allegro moderato, Scherzo, Adagio, and Finale. OTTO DRESEL, WM. SCHULTZE, and CARL BERGMANN.

Part II.

5. Adagio and Scherzo from the Quartet in E minor, Mendelssohn. QUINTETTE CLUB.
6. Songs:—"Ave Maria," R. Franz. "Spring is coming," Schumann. Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN.
7. Finale from the First Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello. Mendelssohn. OTTO DRESEL, WM. SCHULTZE, and CARL BERGMANN.

We have the sympathy of that large and appreciative audience, we are sure, in saying that a better programme, or one better rendered, is not in the memory of our chamber concert goers. "Was it not a beautiful concert?" "Yes, the concert of the season!" were expressions one might hear among the delighted listeners as they flocked out. The programme, as above given, suffered some change in the fulfilment. The sickness of our friend RIHA, compelled the Mendelssohn Club to abandon the Quintet by Mozart, for which they gave a capital substitute in the same composer's favorite Quartet in E flat. Miss LEHMANN, too, who sang her first songs charmingly, and who never looked so well, found her throat so much affected by the accidental leaking of gas in her retiring room, that she was unwillingly obliged to be excused from singing in the second part. In lieu of the songs, a larger portion of the Mendelssohn Trio was performed for the last piece. Perhaps we shall not get credit for impartial hearing, under the circumstances—but it is strongly our conviction that all parties played their best on that occasion. That Andante of Mendelssohn, as performed by Messrs. A. & W. FRIES, KREBS and RYAN, was as fine a piece of quartet-playing as we ever care to listen to. Mr. DRESEL was greeted with a spontaneous and fervent welcome, when he took his seat at the piano, and his exquisitely expressive rendering of the two Songs without Words by Mendelssohn (the "Duet" and "Spring Song"), the striking Etude by Ferdinand Hiller, the Adagio from a Concerto and the Etude by Chopin, held the audience in hushed delight; indeed we know of more than one adverse prejudice that owned itself melted away by that performance. But the great triumph of the evening was the Beethoven Trio, which was gloriously given, and created a profound sensation. We verily believe a large vote could have been got for the repetition of it all. Messrs.

BERGMANN, SCHULTZE and DRESEL have identified themselves with its inspiring recollection in the minds of all that audience.

To all these artists, and to all who helped them do this thing, we hereby tender (though we know it is superfluous) our heart-felt thanks. That man is surely our best benefactor who actively responds to our attempts to do our duty to a cause we reverence and love, as we do that of Music. Personally, such sign of approval from such persons, was of course gratifying. But the greatest gratification was in the fresh encouragement it gave us to persist in the somewhat arduous, and it might seem (but for such tokens) thankless, course on which we have managed to walk upright now for these two years. We started on the presumption that the high and honest course would in the long run command the best support for an Art Journal; and this pleasant concert proved that we had not presumed too much. Our Journal is by no means all it should be, or all we designed to make it; but since the will has been so generously taken for the deed, we feel new hope, new resolution that the deed shall follow. The Concert was certainly a benefit. Its "material aid and comfort" we accept as something not to be despised in our days of small things. Yet the Journal did not absolutely need it; more and more had it come to feel itself on a firm footing, though its emoluments would fall far short of satisfying a fast man of the nineteenth century. The real benefit is what we have already begun to feel in the new impulse given to the public interest in the paper. For us the harder, yet the cheerful, duty now remains to act up to our opportunities and our endorers.

The Farewell Concert of the Germania Musical Society.

The Germanians have gone, marking, like the migration of birds, the end of the musical and social summer, which always coincides with nature's winter. After a crowded Saturday afternoon Rehearsal, of which the chief features were the entire instrumental parts of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and Cherubini's overture to "Medea," they gave their Farewell Concert in the evening. There was a large audience, but not a hall full;—probably owing in a great measure to the discontinuance of the late evening trains.

The old C minor Symphony was glorious again. The only possible objection to it was, that it had got to be by far the most familiar of all symphonies; and one naturally covets opportunities to know some of the other great things. We doubt not that an adherence to the first programme, with the Choral Symphony, would have drawn quite as large an audience and proved more exciting to the *habitués*, at least. But there were of course enough others present, to whom the Fifth Symphony was still a fresh acquaintance. This and the overture to *Tannhäuser* were the only purely orchestral pieces,—and certainly two very noble ones, and nobly rendered.

Miss LEHMANN was in fine voice and gave the first part of her song from "Elijah:" *Hear ye Israel*, with great beauty and expression,—perhaps a little too fast; the bolder strain, that follows, would remind us of the sublime effect produced by Mme. Goldschmidt. This led into the refreshing and invigorating chorus: *Be not*

afraid, which was finely sung by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY. The softer and more soothing chorus: *He, watching over Israel*, was also sung with remarkable unity and delicacy of shading.

Mr. ZERRAHN's flute solo, in which he took for his theme the so-called *Dernière Pensée* of Weber, was skilful and graceful of its kind, but pretty much like all flute solos, coming amid Symphonies, and *Tannhäuser*s, and *Hallelujah*s.

Mr. ROBERT HELLER's piano-forte fantasia, with a *coda* from De Meyer, was rather a feeble preparation for the great final full chord, the "Hallelujah" chorus from the "Messiah." But that put a grand conclusion to the evening; and the concert, as a whole, was certainly a very rich one, and left all feeling that the Germanians will be indispensable to life in Boston the next winter.

They have given us an incredible amount of good music this past winter, which we shall take time to sum up in detail. We are sorry to learn that, in spite of apparently very large audiences, they have not reaped so much pecuniary profit as last year. This we regard only as a temporary fluctuation, mainly due to a multitude of accidental causes; but partly, too, we fear, to the reduction of the number of the orchestra from the scale with which the season was commenced. Another year we trust they will spend less on questionable attractions and superfluous advertising, and more on the enlargement of the orchestral proportions.

The Germanians are wandering off on pretty nearly their last summer's route; first to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; then to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, &c.; then, if not too hot, to Canada; then by the middle of July to their old quarters at Newport; and in the Autumn again, we doubt not, we shall see them in full force and ready for another glorious concert season here in Boston. Success go with them, and return with them!

Musical Review.

BEETHOVEN, *Sonata for the Piano*, Op. 101, in A. (Oliver Ditson.)

This forms the twenty-eighth in order of the complete series of Beethoven's Sonatas, now in course of publication. They have been issued in the order of their dates of composition, and with this present number we already enter the mysterious and fitful shades of the composer's latest period. Four more only remain to complete the series. If any one doubt that Beethoven's genius has made itself deeply felt in this community, let him look at two indications that have casually turned up in this and last week's Journal: first, the programme of the young ladies' festival in Dorchester, and secondly, that formidable list of reprints of Beethoven, advertised by Mr. Ditson, in another column.

THALBERG, *L'Art du Chant appliqué au Piano*. No. 1. "Adelaide," de BEETHOVEN.

We have already spoken of the merits and great usefulness of this series of song pieces, arranged to sing themselves in the middle of the piano, while the outermost fingers of both hands perform an accompaniment above and below the melody. This piano-forte translation of operatic and other vocal music was the invention of Thalberg, and constitutes more than anything else, perhaps, the peculiar feature of the so-called modern school of Thalberg and his followers. The *Adelaide* was an admirable subject for

such treatment, and, like the Quatuor from *I Puritani*, is here quite successfully arranged, the vocal melody being brought into bolder relief to the eye by larger notes than the accompaniments. It will require some practice and some skill to execute it satisfactorily; but it is a piece that will reward practice; and since such skill is much more easily purchased than a fine tenor voice, what really enterprising music-lover will not learn to play the *Adelaide*, with the voice part included?

CZERNY, CARL. *The Classical School for the Piano*: from the works of HAYDN, MOZART and BEETHOVEN. (O. Ditson.)

Here is a rich fund of exercises, easy as to mechanical requirements, but tending directly to the formation of a sound taste, and a discriminating acquaintance with the styles of three great masters, who more than any others are the foundation of all our genial piano music. The *brochure* now already issued is the No. 2, and contains about thirty pages of real gems from the piano-forte Sonatas of Mozart;—in all, twenty-one short extracts; generally, however, entire movements, such as Andantes, Adagios, Allegrettos, Minuetts, &c. They are lovely models of style, and will do more to cultivate the taste and deepen and refine the musical feeling of the young student than whole shops full of the polkas, variations and fantasias of the day. When the other two numbers are published, one may possess in a short and practicable form the essential distinguishing characteristics of those three great geniuses.

MENDELSSOHN. *Six Two-Part Songs*, arranged for the Piano by OTTO DRESEL. (N. Richardson.)

We have here the three concluding numbers of this welcome series, whose commencement we have already chronicled. They are No. 4, "Autumn Song" (sad, bodiful, agitated); No. 5, "O wert thou in the cauld blast" (very Scottish), and No. 6, "The Maybells and the Flowers" (childlike, sparkling with happy fairy fancies). The arrangement is very successful in preserving the spirit of the original, without taxing the executive faculties too much.

SOUTHARD, L. H. *Song: "No More."* (N. Richardson.)

There is not a little beauty and pathos in the melody of this, which is a flowing Larghetto, in nine-eighth measure, and in the melancholy key of B flat minor. It is set, and quite felicitously, to words by WILLIAM W. STORY: "Flow on, sad stream, unto the sea," &c. The accompaniment is interesting and well managed, the rhythmical form appropriate; and the modulation is kept close to the original key, as befits the monotonous melancholy of the subject.

DRESEL, O. *Polka*, for the Piano. (N. Richardson.)

This is not a hum-drum dancing polka, but a delicate and graceful little fancy in the polka rhythm;—more like one of those dream dances of Chopin, only more sunshiny and happy and of this world. It is a charming production and not in any sense to be confounded with the importunate polka rabble, that solicit purchasers on all hands.

A LIVELY SENSE OF DUTY!—It has been told us, as a literal fact, on good authority, that a few Sundays since an organist, in one of the Connecticut river churches, gave out to his choir the "Prima Donna Waltz" of Jullien, adapted to the well-known hymn:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify," &c.

Another appropriation of "the devil's music" to legitimate and sacred uses, after Whitefield's suggestion, was noticed in a similar adaptation of the song: "When the swallows homeward fly,"

by Abt. Verily a congregation, taught to regard the singing of psalms as the great business of life, in this world, as well as in the world to come, might see a pleasant method of variety in this ingenious invention of the "fast" young organist. We wait impatiently for the announcement of a "new collection" from that quarter, for genius of so bold an order must not hide its light under a bushel. We are not informed whether the "professor" be the same who offered to one of our music-publishers the other day a set of original anthems, in one of which there was an animated bass solo to the tune of the cavatina in *Ernani*! Well, the old contrapuntists borrowed very secular and vulgar airs for subjects to the fugues in their motets and masses.

On Friday evening a charity concert was arranged for the benefit of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, by some of its admirers.—*N. Y. Musical Review*.

Charity suggests a mis-print here, and that it was intended to read "a chamber concert."

THAT BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.—With pleasure we give place to the following:

DORCHESTER, April 10, 1854.

MR. JOHN S. DWIGHT:

Dear Sir,—May we be allowed to correct the error of your correspondent, who, in his account to you of the "Double Feast of Beethoven" states it to have taken place "on the occasion of the Anniversary of Beethoven's birth." It was *not* the anniversary of his birth (which we are happy to say we need not be reminded took place Dec. 17, 1770) we wished to commemorate, but of his death, which all of us know occurred March 26th, 1827, and which suggested the Sonata in A flat, with the Funeral March, for the opening. That day, being the Sabbath, we could not (as, had we been in the glorious Master's Vaterland, we most certainly should have done) of course, devote ourselves to the Festival; it was, therefore, unavoidably postponed till our most valued assistant, Mr. Fries, could be present.

Thanking you, Sir, for your appreciation of our thirst for the true and noble in the Divine Art, and your correspondent for his interest in our Festival, thus openly and most unexpectedly evinced, I remain

Very respectfully yours,

ONE OF "THE BEETHOVEN-WORSHIPPING YOUNG LADIES."

Complimentary Concert for Miss Anna Stone.

It being understood that Miss ANNA STONE is about to remove to New York, the undersigned cordially unite in offering her a Complimentary Concert, as an evidence of the regard which is entertained for this accomplished native vocalist by those who have so long enjoyed the benefit of her brilliant voice alike in the church and in the concert room.

THOMAS C. AMORY, ROBERT C. WINTHROP,
B. L. CLARK, GEORGE DERBY,
EDWARD BLAKE, ARTHUR L. PAYSON,
SAM'L H. PARKER, G. H. SHAW,
J. S. DWIGHT, THOMAS LEE,
RICHARD S. FAY, FREDERIC TUDOR,
CHICKERING & SONS, G. M. DEXTER.

Our citizens no doubt will cheerfully respond to the above. It is understood that the concert will take place on Monday evening, the 24th, in the rooms of the Messrs. Chickering.

ERRATA.—We find several errors in our article last week on Psalmody. Among other absurdities the types make us speak of "singing a hymn as a medium of conveying more systematically and pleasingly, the words," &c. For *systematically*, read *rhythmically*.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The friends of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who are engaged in preparing a Complimentary Concert for the Club, after the close of its excellent winter's labors, request us to state that said concert is postponed until after Passion Week. Due announcement will be given, and we trust it will prove as rich a compliment as it is richly merited.

The GERMANIANS and JULLIEN meet this week in Philadelphia, the latter coming north from New Orleans. The former society have treated the Philadelphians to the novelty of the *Tannhäuser* overture, and announced a concert for every evening of this week. JULLIEN is to give three performances, commencing with a Sacred Concert on the evening of Good Friday.

OPERA MOVEMENTS.—These all centre still in the South West. SONTAG and her company, including BOTTESINI, have departed from New Orleans to Mexico; there to meet a rival in the operatic troupe of STEFFANORE, SALVI, BADIALI and MARINI. Another, the DE VRIES troupe, with ARDITI, LORINI, VIETI, &c., continue at the St. Charles theatre in New Orleans. Signora VIRGINIA WHITING LORINI is there also, but not announced to sing. The indefatigable Ullmann, Mme. Sontag's agent, is on the way to Europe, to engage new artists. It is said he hopes to bring back with him a complete troupe for the performance of English operas with Mme. Sontag.

Master PAUL JULLIEN offers in the New York *Tribune* a reward of \$1000 for the recovery of a box, lost on its conveyance from the steamer Baltic, and containing four violins of little value to any one except the owner, but endeared by many memories to the young artist.

An improvement of the Piano is now in process of perfection at the establishment of Messrs. Andrews and Robinson, Portland, Me., which must, we think, become generally adopted. It is the invention of Mr. A. G. Corliss, a skillful workman, who has applied for a patent. The improvement is called a Swell Mute, and consists in bringing a pair of cramps to act upon the bridge of the piano, by a pedal, in such a manner as to give complete control of the vibration. By this means the volume of each note may be increased to an organ-like swell, at pleasure. The effect is very pleasing, and must give almost a new character to Piano-Forte music.—*Portland Transcript*.

SALEM, MASS.—The Concert by the Salem Academy of Music on Fast-day evening, in the First Baptist Church, was attended by a large audience, and passed off very creditably to all concerned. The Academy is a new Association formed last fall for the encouragement of musical talent and the elevation of the musical taste of our community, and this was its second public performance. The degree of success attained thus far has been very flattering and the society may well take courage and persevere in their exertions to institute a musical association which shall be worthy of the city and of those concerned in it, and which shall exert a beneficial influence upon the musical community. The choruses on Fast evening were finely performed—prompt, spirited and well balanced, exhibiting thorough drill and the closest attention to musical effect. The Academy is under the direction of Mr. Wm. E. Hubbard, than whom none is better qualified to instruct and improve a choir. The organist was Mr. B. J. Lang, a young, talented and growing musician. The society numbers about 100 members, and about 60 formed the choir on the above evening. It contains many unusually good voices, and the solos, duets and quartets on this occasion were all well executed.—*Essex Co. Freeman*.

Foreign.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.—The *N. Y. Musical Review* has an interesting letter from this city, from which we extract the following:

MARCH 17, 1854.—Music and musical matters are pretty lively here at present. But we feel greatly the loss of the Free Trade Hall, as there is no other room in this city in which concerts can be given on a scale large enough to bring good musical performances within the

means of the working classes. This will be remedied, I hope, when our new music hall is erected.

Early in January, we had a splendid performance of the *St. Paul*; and, in a day or two, we are to perform Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*. We have had three rehearsals for it, are to have another on the evening before the concert. There have also been several concerts for the performance of classical chamber music, at which CHARLES HALLE has been the pianist, assisted by first-rate artists from London. But these concerts are, from the high price of admission, almost inaccessible to the working classes, for whom I should much like to see some standard musical entertainments provided at prices within the reach of all. But, on the other hand, I am proud to see signs of musical activity amongst the working classes themselves. There are singing classes, music meetings, choral societies, &c., some one of which is now to be found in connection with almost every Sabbath-school and literary or mechanics' institute throughout these districts.

The music practiced and performed by these societies is almost all of a standard character—Handel's oratorios taking the lead. I think that, out of nine concerts given by these societies during the last winter, at which I have had the pleasure of assisting, there were performed Handel's "Messiah," twice; "Judas Macabeus," "Israel in Egypt," and Haydn's "Creation;" the other concerts were miscellaneous—glees, madrigals, and Bishop's choruses being the staple commodities. It is extremely cheering to see the enthusiastic reception which these works receive from the audience.

I would here state that the teaching of singing classes is now making great progress amongst us; but the bulk of the teachers are much hampered by the want of good and cheap instruction books. We have nothing here approaching the instructions given at the commencement of *Cantica Laudis*, *Carmina Sacra*, the *Shawm*, &c.

I am also glad to see glee-singing reviving in this city. A few years ago, this truly old English style of music had almost fallen into disuse; but at the present time there is, I believe, upward of a dozen glee clubs established in this city. The performing members meet weekly for practice, and monthly they have a performance open to subscribers and friends. A short time ago one of these societies offered a prize for the best cheerful glee. The prize was awarded to a composition by the late Dr. BEXFIELD. These societies are mostly confined to the middle classes; as the subscription, being from one to three guineas per annum, puts them out of the reach of the masses.

Advertisements.

CHURCH ORGAN.

AN excellent Church Organ, belonging to a Society in this City, is offered for sale. It has two banks of keys, and pedal bass, and in all twenty-one stops, is in good order, and can be delivered to the purchaser immediately. Apply to JOSEPH L. BATES, No. 129 Washington St.

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414 tf

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Oct. 16.

3m

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P. S.—The above splendid work, which will prove invaluable to every professional musician, and to every amateur, will be ready this spring; we hope in the month of March. It has been delayed on account of the immense labor bestowed upon it, and the difficulty of stereotyping a work so full of examples. The delay, however, will enhance the value of the work.

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